Monks, Nice Legs Shame About The Face

Met her on a blind date, helping out an old mate
Waiting at the corner, she's be dressed in black
There was I expecting a really tasty bird
He said she was good looking, I should have doubt his word
When I saw her there she was a real disgrace
I thought nice legs shame about the face

I had to take her dancing, I couldn't let her down
So we caught the bus to the other side of town
Out upon the dance floor, I wasn't getting far
So I had a drink with my friends up at the bar
I asked them what they thought of her they fell about the place
And they said nice legs shame about her face

She said could we go bowling,
I said that would be fine
But when I bought the tickets
She'd already changed her mind
She was turning out to be a real hard case
Nice legs shame about the boat race

Downed a gin and soda, tapped me on the shoulder
Whispered in my ear it's getting kind of late
When I took her home we hardly said a thing
I walked her to the door, expected to go in
She looked me up and down and really put me in my place
She said nice legs shame about your face
Nice legs shame about your face